

THE WORLD

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Postscriptum—Latest—Still Booming!

OVER 460,000 PER DAY.

After a thorough examination of the circulation of the **World**, the following figures are given for the week ending April 29, 1894:

March 1894	312,570 Per Day.
March 1893	403,333 Per Day.
March 1894	460,929 Per Day.

A gain of **57,596** Per Day in One Year.

A gain of **148,359** Per Day in Three Years.

No blighting of New York's municipal May-day, Governor. Sign those reform bills.

Brooklyn does not move on the first of May, the Governor having been moved to spare him.

There is no State Legislature to watch this week, but there is the Governor to keep a jealous eye on.

Home-Rule for New York's big cities! There's the great subject for Constitutional Convention deliberations.

Gov. Flower never had better places to put his autograph than he can find at the bottom of those New York reform bills.

Tariff bill revision, as understood at Washington, consists in taking out as much as possible of the reform element.

That citizen who doesn't care how the income is gathered so long as he gets the income right along is not a valuable citizen.

The work for New York which the late Legislature grudgingly began it will be for the Constitutional Convention broadly to complete.

Judging from proceedings about the Grecian archipelago, Dame Nature has been experiencing a severe case of Spring chills and fever.

Mr. Carnegie has sent a couple of mummies home from Egypt. They, at least, can be trusted not to tell anything about faulty armor plates.

Tammany threatens the Governor. The people only expect him to do his duty. Tammany is tottering. The people will long and happily survive its fall.

After those reform bills become laws—if they do so—there will be work to do. Municipal reform is never to be accomplished on the faith-cure principle.

The people asked for Tariff Reform. The Democratic party came into power on the strength of promised Tariff Reform. A Democratic Senate offers compromise.

The public bath will presently open again for the summer. Some day, New York will realize that such baths are just as necessary, if not more necessary, in winter. Then the city will have them.

They have decided who shall call the Constitutional Convention to order. Have they settled upon what the Convention shall do in the interests of permanent municipal good government in the State?

As might have been expected, Cony Island is already kicking against the expected restraints of annexation to Brooklyn. It has always been her chief glory that it was unique—a little world by herself. She has much to lose in becoming an ordinary humdrum annex of the City of Churches.

Randall's Chicago Army of the Commonwealth will proceed on the first principle of tramping. The route, it is announced, will be the route of the tramp army. It will be the first step in which the army may pass the hat. It is only in the matter of elaborating details that Coxey's own have improved on this plan.

Washington, which had been much wrought up over the advance of the Coxeyites, found itself laughing when the once dreaded "army" came in sight. It is, indeed, a queer gang which has advanced on the capital. But though the movement is ridiculous, it is not wholly humorous. The operations of the Western contingents of the tramp army have been accompanied by a sufficient portion of disorder and rioting to show that, with the present demonstration once passed as safely as may be, such uprisings must be promptly suppressed in the future. States where men organize in such bodies, for

such purposes, must be impressed with the fact that their proper course is not to hurry the vagrant hosts out of their own borders to bother other States, but to promptly suppress and take care of the troublesome elements. These "armies," once dealt with decisively, instead of continuing, will quickly cease their campaigning.

WHAT WILL FLOWER DO?

The contest between Gov. Flower and the people of New York is now at a very critical juncture. It may properly be called a contest between the Governor and the people, because on one side stands the Executive dragged vigorously in one direction by his political pals and pulls, and on the other the reputable citizens of the metropolis, holding firmly to the public interests. But it ought in fact to be a struggle between the Governor and his conscience.

New York needs reform in her local government and reform in her political methods. Everybody concedes that the people made it evident by their ballots in the last election. The Republican victory in the State last November grooves it. The flight of the Tammany bosses before the fear of the Grand Jury proves it. The presence of John Y. McKim and more than a score of Tammany leaders in Sing Sing and the Penitentiary proves it. The overthrow of the Brooklyn ring and the Buffalo ring and the New Jersey ring and of rinks and bosses all over the country, is corroborative evidence of its truth.

The last Legislature was chosen especially to give us good city government here in New York by correcting the political evils most glaring in the city and making a change in the municipal machinery. Next November, complete and effective. The Legislature was not an honest one. It was boss-ridden, corrupt, venal. It would have betrayed its trust if it had dared to do so. But just prior to its final adjournment the fears of the party in the majority wrung from it some concessions to the spirit of reform; among others, a bill to allow the next Mayor to make a change in the city government next November complete and effective, if the people decide to make it, by enabling him to remove all the heads of departments, who are now all Tammany machine politicians.

This bill and four or five others are now in Gov. Flower's hands. They are now in Gov. Flower's hands. They are now in Gov. Flower's hands.

Which will Gov. Flower do? If an honest public officer he will sign. If a mere political tool he will kill.

The Tammany bosses tell him if he does not obey their orders he shall not have their nomination for re-election.

But what will it benefit a Governor if he gains the whole Tammany organization and loses his own election.

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THE MEN WHO MAKE BOOKS.

WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS ARE NOW LITERARY PARTNERS.

Emile Zola's Interesting Remarks on the Profits of Pen Work.

In an admirable compilation of the essays called "The Experimental Novel," written at odd times by Emile Zola and published by the Cassell Publishing Company, is one which will be useful and encouraging to young writers in this country. It is entitled "Influence of Money on Literature."

In the old days publishers used to offer a given price to an author, who thereupon sold all his rights. The publishers pocketed the loss if the book was a failure, and the profits if it was a success. In these times, however, the kind of partnership which exists between the author and the publisher is a different one. The publisher pays the author a royalty on the book, and the author pays the publisher a royalty on the book.

Emile Zola's picture of the fate of an ordinary writer is not very encouraging. He says that a writer who writes a book and sells it for 100 francs, and who then sells the rights to the publisher for 100 francs, will find that the publisher will pay him 100 francs for the book, and 100 francs for the rights. The publisher will then sell the book for 200 francs, and the publisher will keep the 100 francs for the book, and the 100 francs for the rights. The publisher will then sell the book for 200 francs, and the publisher will keep the 100 francs for the book, and the 100 francs for the rights.

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HE KISSED THE PRINCESS.

A PHILADELPHIAN'S FEAT IN THE DAYS OF GEN. JACKSON.

The Midshipman Boldly Bussed a Sister of Dom Pedro.

Charles C. Barton, of Philadelphia, left his native city for the first time in 1829 to do his duty as a midshipman on the Brazilian station. Under the inspiration of his first naval uniform, he wrote a story which was published in the Philadelphia Times, and which has been doing some rather loud boasting.

His sister and a bevy of her young associates, rather disgusted at his airs, had questioned his ability to realize his big boasts, among which was his wild pledge to kiss a foreign Princess before he returned to his native city. This extravagant pledge was to be kept, and the writer, in a letter to his sister, told her of his feat. He said that he had kissed the Princess, and that he had done so in a most becoming manner.

After a year or eighteen months of incessant watching for an opportunity to kiss a Princess, he finally found the object of his long search. Almost within the precincts of the palace, he saw a Princess, and he kissed her. He said that he had kissed the Princess, and that he had done so in a most becoming manner.

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THE ANT HAS A THINK-TANK.

AND SO HAS THE BRAINY AND BUSY LITTLE BEE.

Their Sense of Locality and Color, and Their Memories.

In talking to a friend not long ago on the subject of animal intelligence, writes Robert Blyth in the Philadelphia Press, a remark of his made a great impression on me. He said that, no matter what the ants and bees do, they are intelligent, and that they have a sense of locality and color, and that they have memories.

The fashion of pointing to the intelligence of the ant appears to have been introduced by the late Mr. Blyth. He said that, no matter what the ants and bees do, they are intelligent, and that they have a sense of locality and color, and that they have memories.

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WILD CAMELS IN ARIZONA.

DESCENDANTS OF A SMALL HERD TURNED LOOSE YEARS AGO.

They Were Too Slow for the Service Intended.

The camels now running wild in Arizona are the descendants of a small herd originally imported for use in the State of Nevada, says the San Francisco Chronicle. In the early days of mining on the Comstock, long before there were any railroads in the Great Basin region, it was thought that camels might be profitably used about the mines, particularly in packing across the surrounding deserts, and twelve camels were accordingly purchased and taken to Virginia City. They were wanted for use in packing salt from the Salt Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. This salt deposit lies far out in a desert region, and to reach it many waterless stretches of sand and alkali had to be traversed.

The camels were able to cross all the deserts in perfect comfort, carrying heavy loads of salt and finding means of subsistence in the prickly and bitter shrubs and cacti which were to be found in abundance. In short, the animals did the good work here in our desert that the mules and horses could not do in the world, but they were too slow for the service intended. They were too slow for the service intended.

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